we to receive our induction into the household of faith. Immersion is not for the unregenerate, but for those who are prepared to be baptized into his death. And life invariably triumphs in proportion to the completeness of our death to sin. Christian crucifixion and Divine life are indissoluble counterparts. Must we die in order to live? Then we must live and be dead at the same time. This is the requisite of the consecrating rite. The life we live after birth is the same life that produced birth. Transition presupposes generation. A new enduement for new conditions, is "possible only where enterior life is brought into new environments. It takes A CHRIST to be baptized for our redemption. It takes *a Christian* to be immersed in "the likeness of His death." The witness of heaven in our baptism must prepare the spiritual condition to which the witness is given. Only Christians are qualified for baptism. *Making* Christians *by* baptism is popery. Christ in us must precede Christian demonstration.

That you are now under special Divine illumination is beyond question. You must *know* and *believe* WHAT CHRIST HAS DONE for man, for the race, if you would have "the peace of God which passeth all understanding." If Jesus did His work well so as to satisfy all the claims of God perfectly, and did it all for you, why should you not be the happiest man on earth. This is not only your blessed privilege, but your imperative duty. An *unhappy Christian* is a contradiction in terms. If you would have the fulness of the Spirit, let there be fulness of surrender. Be done with self. Be done looking to the church for your ideal. One is perfect, and *only* one. "Looking unto Jesus," will not fail to bring you all that is concluded in II Cor. 3 : 18. Be glad for any shining example of holiness, but keep your gaze riveted on God incarnate, and make Him incarnate in your consciousness and conduct. Be satisfied with nothing less than "*Christ in you, the hope of glory.*" Apart from this there is no Christianity—no salvation. Let re-baptism alone. *Be* what your baptism symbolizes. This means all that the *death* and *resurrection* of Jesus signify. And this is as much as Almighty Power and infinite love can accomplish for man.

LET YOUR LIGHT SHINE.

Jesus bids us shine with a clear pure light,
Like a little candle burning in the night.
In this world of darkness we must shine,
You in your small corner, I in mine.

Jesus bids us shine first of all for him ;
Well he sees and knows it if our light grows dim,
He looks down from heaven, sees us shine,
You in your small corner, I in mine.

THAT WONDERFUL DISCOVERY.

P. J. BROWN.

In agreeing to the armistice and the Passover question a year ago, or thereabout, I said that I would "keep silent on it during the year of grace 1895." And that after the expiration of the said year, I expected to have something more to say. I had not forgotten this agreement, but was debating in my own mind the propriety of reopening the question, and probably should have left my claim go by default, had not "Deacon Beaver" in No. 50, Dec. 18, 1895, given me a special incentive to action. I cannot with my sense of fairness, allow his uncalled for reflection to go by unnoticed.

As to the great discovery of "a fragment of a Gospel" claiming no particular date, but "from the style of composition was evidently written during the first century A. D." I just now recall to mind a little book I read about thirty years ago, entitled "Chronicles of the Rebellion," and judging from its "style of composition" it must evidently have been written about 4004 B. C. and is therefore much older than that fragment of a Gospel discovered by the correspondent of the London Times. But, says one, what assurance have we of the correctness of these conclusions? I will answer. Just about as much as can usually be placed in the accuracy of common newspaper correspondence, and I look upon both as of very doubtful worth, when the truths of the Gospel of Jesus Christ are involved. Brother Beaver's discovery may do quite well for newspaper gossip, but I for one utterly discard it as of any value, especially since he tells us of a very important omission by which his fragment indirectly contradicts both Matthew and Mark. But all this I look upon as of trivial importance, had not Brother Beaver used this as an opportunity of giving me the thrust that he did in the following words, "To us, who do not see a single trace of the Passover in the Lord's last Supper, it furnishes highly interesting and conclusive testimony against the fallacy of confounding or mixing up the two separate festivals with each other."

I accept this as aimed at myself, from the fact that I am the propounder in these latter days of what he, for want of a proper understanding of my position, calls "fallacy" and I am ready, and abundantly able to defend my claim when the proper time comes. For the present, Dec. 30, 1895, it is yet out of order to resume the discussion of the points at issue. I will however notice one thing in Brother Beaver's statement, and that is the "To us who do not see a single trace." I can conceive of two classes of men, who, standing under the open firmanent on a clear day at high noon, do not see the sun ; one is totally hid and the other has his eyes closed, and the more you try to make him see, the tighter he will pinch them. Then, there is a third man who can see through a mill-stone. So that this thing of seeing depends largely upon the mental and physical actions of the one who is to do the seeing. Do you see? More later.

Congress, Ohio, Dec. 1895.

THE BABE OF BETHLEHEM.

CLARA WORST.

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy."

"The heavens are a point from the pen of his perfection;

The world is a rose-bud from the lower of His beauty ;

The sun is a spark from the light of His wisdom ;

And the sky a bubble on the sea of His power."

The Universal Cause is over all and in all. The flowers are his thoughts in bloom, the rocks are his thoughts in stone ; the birds chant his praises in dulcet symphonies, the stars are "Forever singing as they shine, The hand that made us is divine."

The universe is his boundless cathedral in which he speaks in a various language of peace, and rest, and love. Its quenchless lamps are supplied by countless suns, its choir the winds and waves, its organ thunder. Earth is but a fading rose-bud on the bosom of immensity, so small, so mean, yet it was not meet that God's child—a wayward child indeed—should perish. It had wondered off, then he sent a sister world to call it back, and it hung over Bethlehem, and now the earth is speeding back on Gospel wings. 4000 weary years rolled by ere the messenger came—4000 years and no Christ! The lips of heaven and earth were silent. The world was replete with genius. Homer, Hesiod, and Horace had sung their immortal odes, but yet not Christ to be the most poetic figure of the centuries. Powerful nations had surrendered their sceptres to Hannibal, Alexander, and Cæsar, but yet not Christ to conquer the world.

Among the historians were Herodotus, Thucydides, and Xenophon, but yet not Christ to mark the beginning of a new era from which all history should date backward and forward. At length the slow hour arrived when the black window-shutters of a December night were opened and "midnight gloom brightened into